TV COMIC

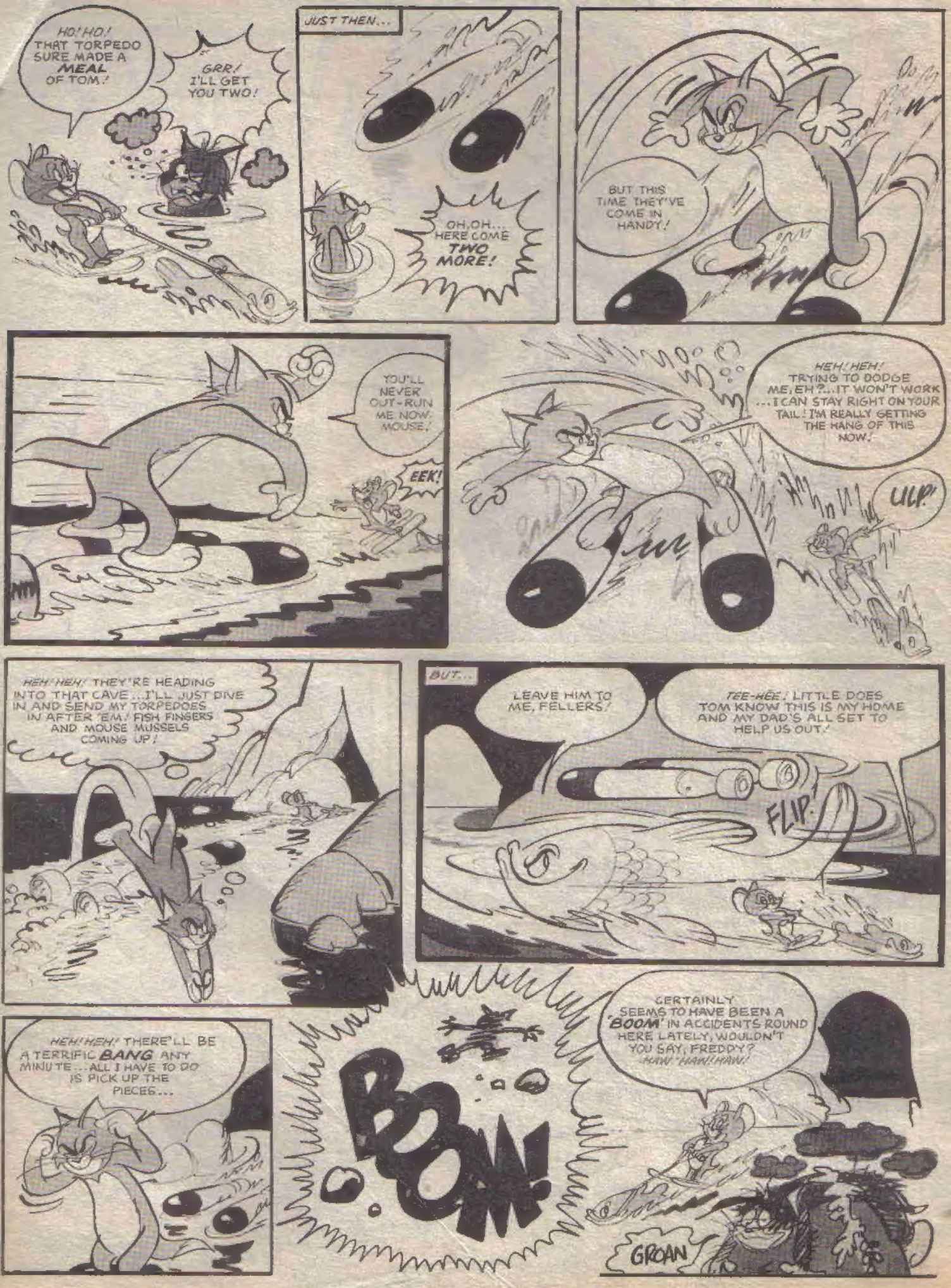
THE DUKES OF HAZZARD-INSIDE! 12p

Number 1516
Every Friday.
9th January, 1981

THE INSPECTOR * POPEYE * PINK PANTHER

TOM and JERRY
THIS IS THE LIFE, FOLKS!
YUK! YUK! FISH FOR A STARTER, FOLLOWED BY FRESH MOUSE!
BUT DOWN BELOW...!
VERCOSH!
TESTING... FIRE ONE!
JAM!
WHIZZ
KERBOOM!
WELL IF IT ISN'T OLD BAG MOUTH! LOOKS LIKE HE'S BITTEN OFF MORE THAN HE CAN CHEW AGAIN!

Continued overleaf


HO! HO! THAT TORPEDO SURE MADE A MEAL OF TOM!
GRR! I'LL GET YOU TWO!
JUST THEN...
OH, OH... HERE COME TWO MORE!
BUT THIS TIME THEY'VE COME IN HANDY!
YOU'LL NEVER OUT-RUN ME NOW, MOUSE!
EEK!
HEH! HEH! TRYING TO DODGE ME, EH?... IT WON'T WORK ...I CAN STAY RIGHT ON YOUR TAIL! I'M REALLY GETTING THE HANG OF THIS NOW!
ULP!
HEH! HEH! THEY'RE HEADING INTO THAT CAVE... I'LL JUST DIVE IN AND SEND MY TORPEDOES IN AFTER 'EM! FISH FINGERS AND MOUSE MUSSELS COMING UP!
BUT...
LEAVE HIM TO ME, FELLERS!
TEE-HEE! LITTLE DOES TOM KNOW THIS IS MY HOME AND MY DAD'S ALL SET TO HELP US OUT!
FLIP!
HEH! HEH! THERE'LL BE A TERRIFIC BANG ANY MINUTE... ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PICK UP THE PIECES...
BOOM!
CERTAINLY SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A 'BOOM' IN ACCIDENTS ROUND HERE LATELY, WOULDN'T YOU SAY, FREDDY? HAW! HAW! HAW!
GROAN

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BASIL BRUSH

THAT'S OUR SLEDGE FINISHED, CHUMMERS! LET'S TAKE IT OUT FOR A TRIAL RUN!

OH, NO! THE SNOW'S MELTED!

LET'S VISIT THE OLD WIZARD IN THE WOODS! HE CAN PRODUCE WEATHER TO ORDER!

SNOW? CERTAINLY, BASIL! THAT WILL COST £3·75 INCLUDING V.A.T.!

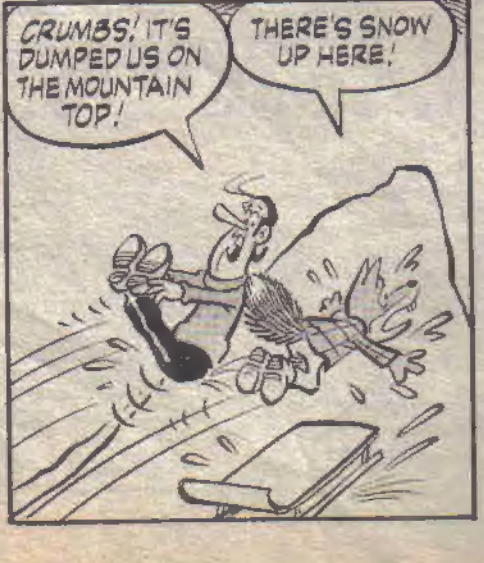
CLOUDS BUILD UP AND NORTH WIND BLOW— LET US HAVE A WEALTH OF SNOW!
WE'LL GO AND GET READY FOR IT!

IT LOOKS AS IF 'E'S 'AVIN' A BIT OF TROUBLE, GUV!

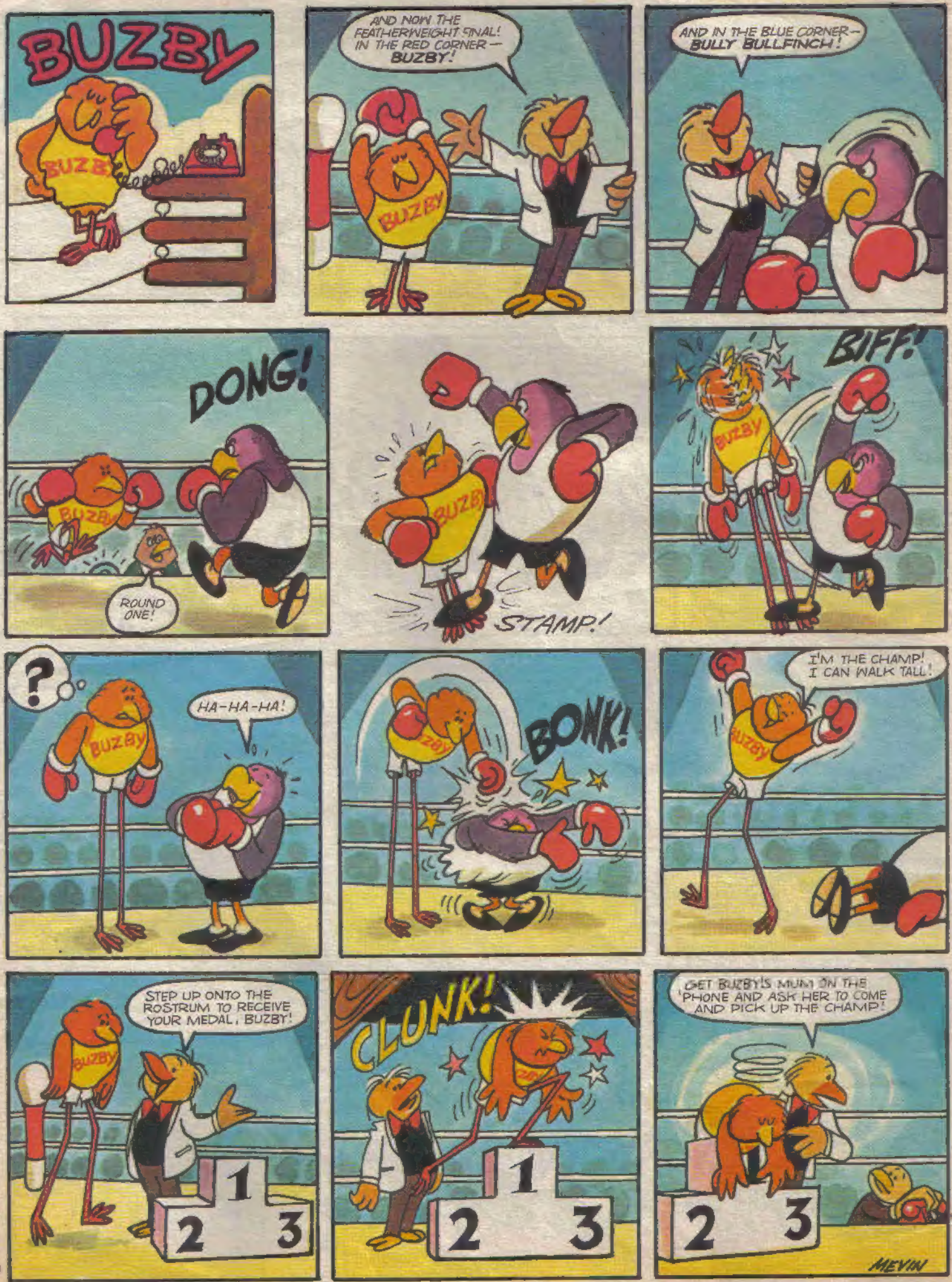
AND...
NOT MUCH SIGN OF SNOW, GUV!
GOSH! THIS FOG IS THICK!

IT'S CLEARIN'!
THIS LOOKS HOPEFUL! A WIND IS BLOWING UP!

YOW! IT'S A HURRICANE!
IT'S BLOWING US AWAY!


CRUMBS! IT'S DUMPED US ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP!
THERE'S SNOW UP HERE!

OH, WELL! IT'S GIVEN US A CHANCE TO TEST OUR SLEDGE!
I STILL THINK WE OUGHT TO ASK THAT WIZARD FOR OUR MONEY BACK!


BUZBY
AND NOW THE FEATHERWEIGHT FINAL! IN THE RED CORNER — BUZBY!
AND IN THE BLUE CORNER — BULLY BULLFINCH!
DONG!
ROUND ONE!
STAMP!
BIFF!
?
HA-HA-HA!
BONK!
I'M THE CHAMP! I CAN WALK TALL!
STEP UP ONTO THE ROSTRUM TO RECEIVE YOUR MEDAL, BUZBY!
CLUNK!
GET BUZBY'S MUM ON THE 'PHONE AND ASK HER TO COME AND PICK UP THE CHAMP!
MEVIN

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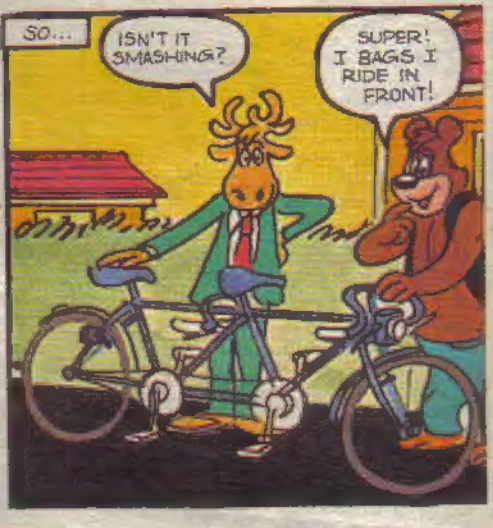
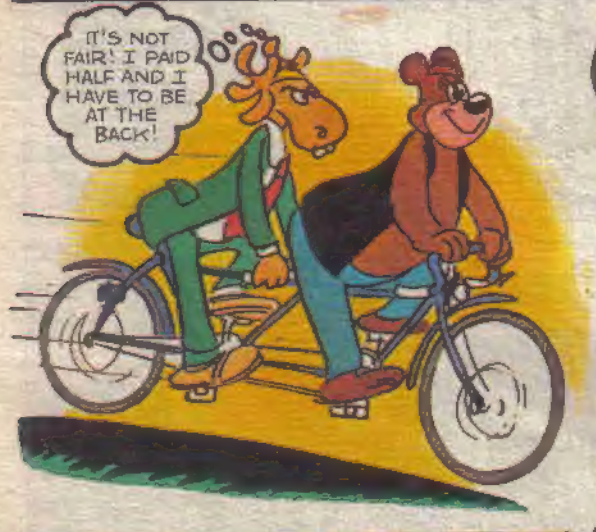
BARNEY BEAR





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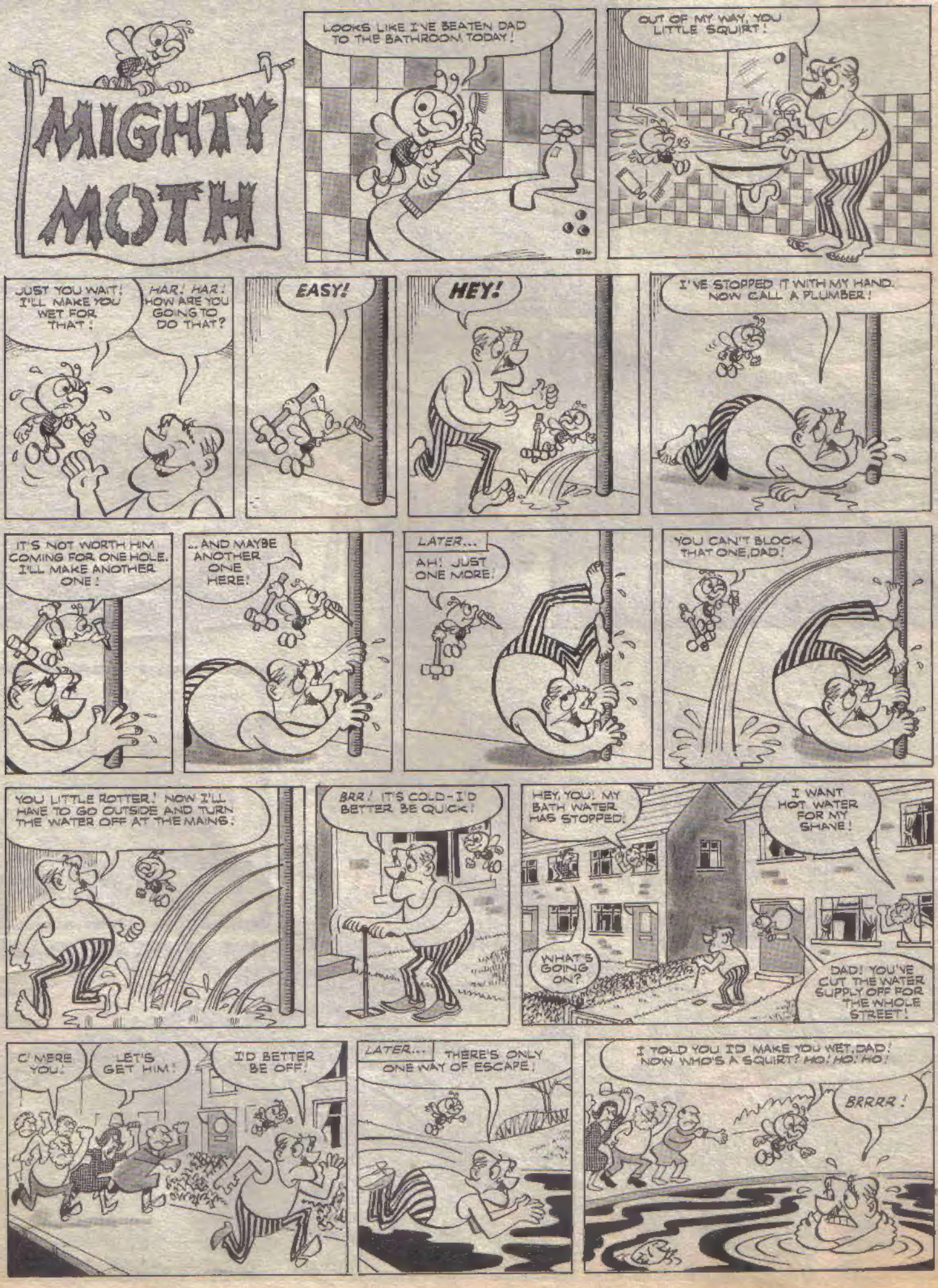
MIGHTY MOTH
LOOKS LIKE I'VE BEATEN DAD TO THE BATHROOM TODAY!
OUT OF MY WAY, YOU LITTLE SQUIRT!
JUST YOU WAIT! I'LL MAKE YOU WET FOR THAT!
HAR! HAR! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO DO THAT?
EASY!
HEY!
I'VE STOPPED IT WITH MY HAND. NOW CALL A PLUMBER!
IT'S NOT WORTH HIM COMING FOR ONE HOLE. I'LL MAKE ANOTHER ONE!
.. AND MAYBE ANOTHER ONE HERE!
LATER...
AH! JUST ONE MORE!
YOU CAN'T BLOCK THAT ONE, DAD!
YOU LITTLE ROTTER! NOW I'LL HAVE TO GO OUTSIDE AND TURN THE WATER OFF AT THE MAINS!
BRR! IT'S COLD - I'D BETTER BE QUICK!
HEY, YOU! MY BATH WATER HAS STOPPED!
I WANT HOT WATER FOR MY SHAVE!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
DAD! YOU'VE CUT THE WATER SUPPLY OFF FOR THE WHOLE STREET!
C'MERE YOU!
LET'S GET HIM!
I'D BETTER BE OFF!
LATER... THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OF ESCAPE!
I TOLD YOU I'D MAKE YOU WET, DAD! NOW WHO'S A SQUIRT? HO! HO! HO!
BRRRR!

The Bugs Bunny Show
BOO-HOO! SOB! WHAT A MISERABLE LIFE I LEAD!
HULLO! WHAT'S UP WITH SYLVESTER?
RABBITS HAVE THEIR CARROT PATCHES... BUT A CAT CANNOT GO TO A CANARY PATCH AND SIMPLY DIG HIMSELF UP A CANARY! OH, WHAT MISERY!
SO, THAT'S IT!
WHY NOT PLANT A FEW CANARY SEEDS AND SEE WHAT DEVELOPS, SYLVESTER?
I AM DEADLY SERIOUS, RABBIT! I AM IN NO MOOD FOR GUYS WITH THE WISECRACKS!
SORRY! I WAS ONLY TRYING TO CHEER YOU UP WITH A JOKE!
CALL THAT A JOKE, RABBIT? A PATHETIC ATTEMPT! WOULDN'T RAISE A TITTER IN A KINDERGARTEN!
HUH! AND I SUPPOSE YOU COULD DO BETTER?
PROD! PROD!
BETTER? I KNOW MORE GOOD JOKES THAN YOU'VE HAD CARROTS!
POOH! PROVE IT THEN! I'M LISTENING!
WELL...ER...ER UM...ER...
COME ON! I'M WAITING! GIVE WITH THE FUNNIES!
UM...ER... WELL...UM... ER...
COME ON! COME ON! MAKE ME LAUGH!
I KNOW HUNDREDS! HUNDREDS! I TELL YOU I KNOW HUNDREDS!
ONE WILL DO, SYLVESTER!
TWEE-HEE! SYLWESTER'S EYES ARE CWOSED! NOW'S MY CHWANCE TO BWIFF HWIM!
YAAAAAGH!
REVWENGE, PUTEY-TAT!
YULP! A SMACK IN THE EYE! THAT'S NO JOKE!
ZOK!
GRR! THIS IS ALL THAT RABBIT'S FAULT! I SHALL DEAL WITH HIM ONCE I'VE FIXED UP THIS EYE!
CWOO! SYLWESTER'S PUT A PWATCH OVER HIS SWORE EYE!
DON'T TELL ME! LET ME GUESS... A CANARY PATCH!
THAT'S FUNNY! BUT I'M NOT LAUGHING! HELP! HELP!

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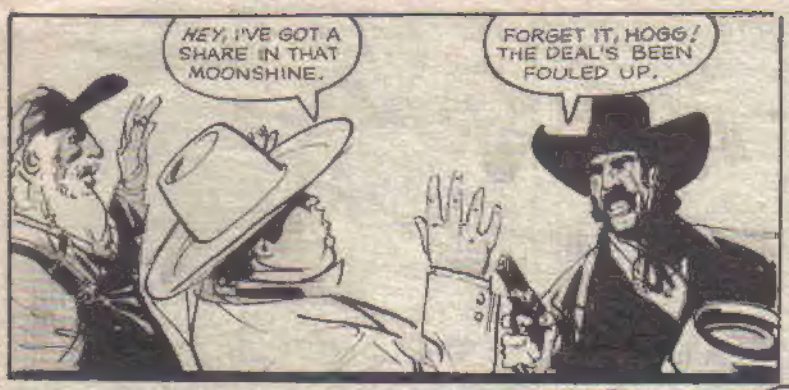
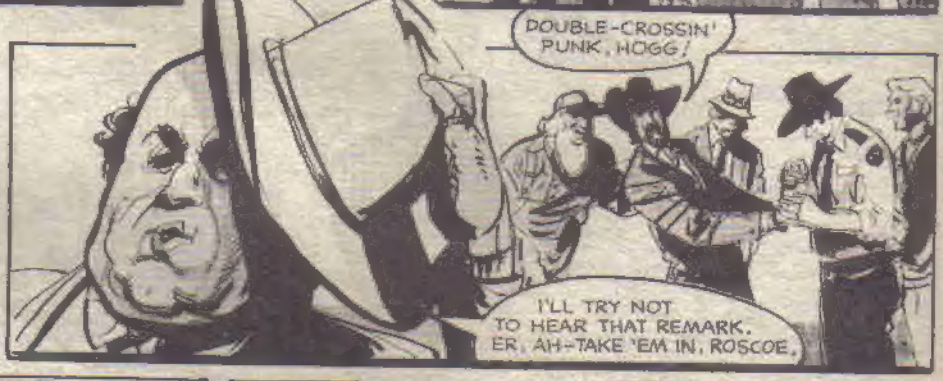
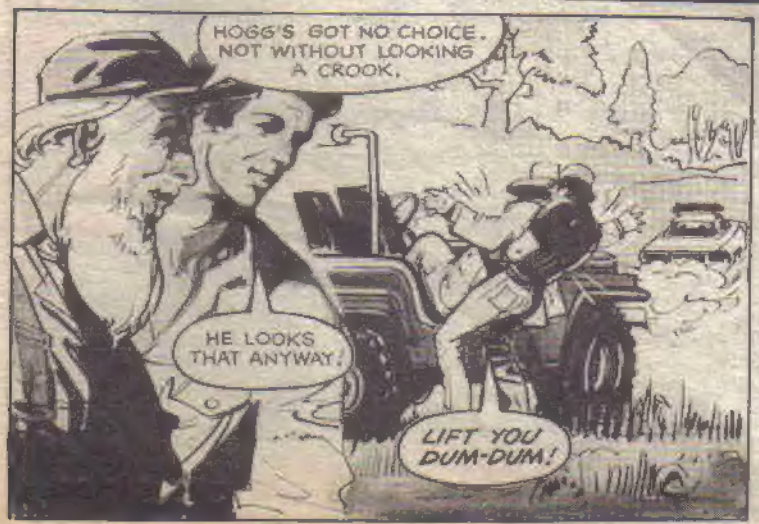
THE DUKES OF HAZZARD
SMUGGLERS PROMOTE A KITE-FLYING CONTEST IN HAZZARD COUNTY BECAUSE THEY CAN USE KITES AS SIGNALS. A GREEN KITE SIGNALS THE WHEREABOUTS OF A MISSING KEG OF 'MOONSHINE' WHISKY...
OH NO, THEM DUKE BOYS IS ESCAPING!
BETTER GET AFTER 'EM, ROSCOE. BOSS HOGG WON'T LIKE IT!
HEAD FOR THE KITE SIGNAL. ROSCOE'S FOLLOWING!
OKAY. EVEN HE CAN'T MESS THIS UP!
CRASH!
ULP! GOSH SAKE!
WRONG, BO. HE'S MESSED IT.
UNCLE JESSE IS FLYING THE KITE...
THE BOYS' PLAN SEEMS TO BE WORKING. HERE COMES BOSS HOGG, LICKETY-SPLIT.
PUT THAT THAR KEG DOWN IN THE NAME O' THE LAW! IT'S MAH PROPERTY!
THE SMUGGLERS HAVE ALSO FOLLOWED THE SIGNAL...
I-YIIIKES!
DROP IT, BUD! THAT'S OURS!







LATER...
WHAT'S THE BETTING BOSS HOGG LETS THEM SMUGGLERS ESCAPE!
A SURE THING! JUST LIKE HE'D LIKE TO ESCAPE FROM ROSCOE!
ONLY ROSCOE'S HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW!
THE END.
JOHN CANNING

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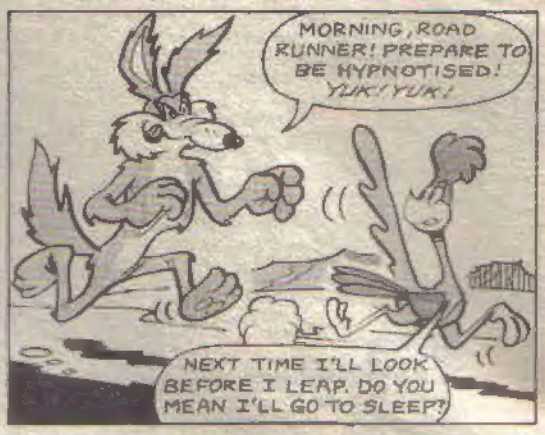
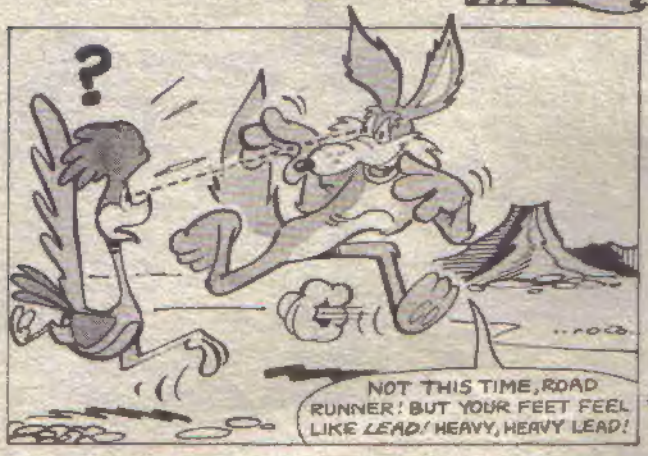
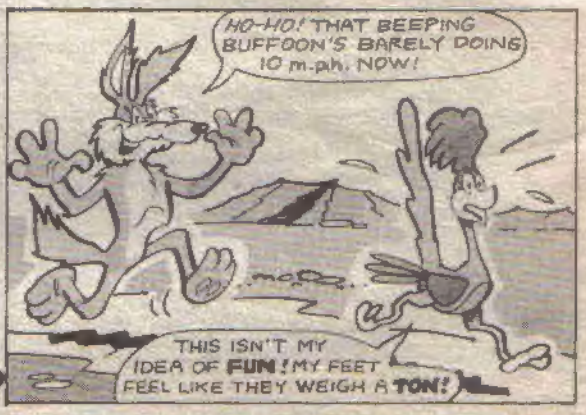
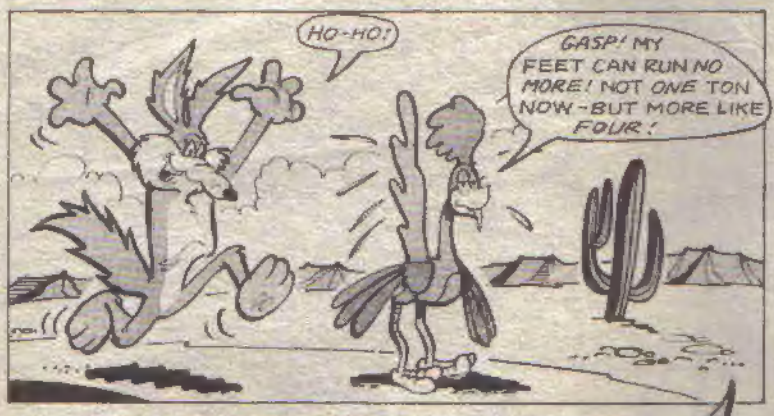
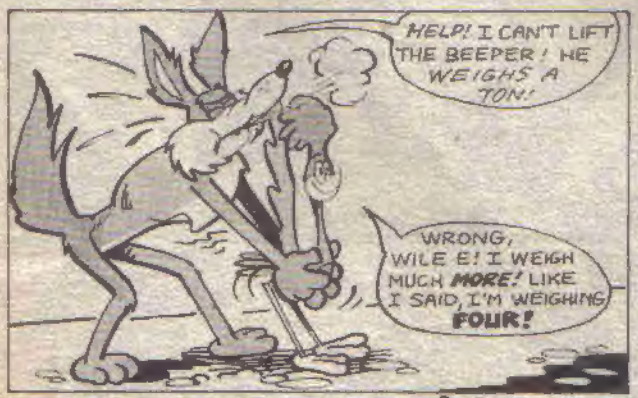
BEEP! BEEP! The Road Runner

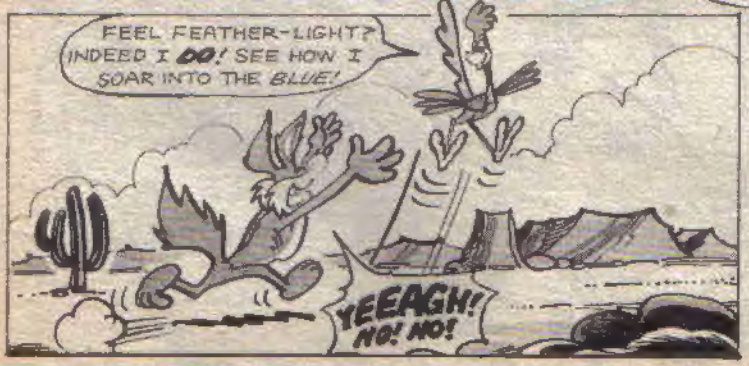


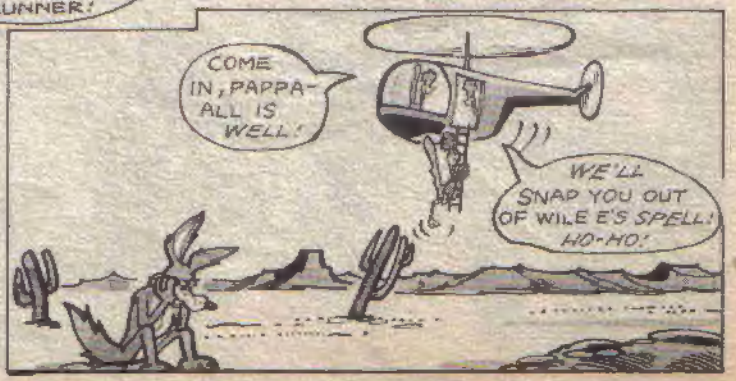












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The Inspector
I WANT RUBBERMAN, THE SNATCH THIEF, BACK BEHIND BARS.
I'LL CATCH HIM, CHIEF!
WANTED!
THE RUBBERMAN!
WONDER WHY THEY CALL HIM THE RUBBERMAN . EH?
HELP!
THAT MAN SNATCHED MY PURSE!
LEAVE IT TO ME, MA AM
STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW...
OH-OH!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! YOU WILL ACCOMPANY ME TO THE POLICE STATION!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK ..
CLICK
ERK! HEY, COME BACK
IT'S TIME I SLIPPED OFF!
BOUNCE!
BOUNCE!
AT LAST! PUFF! I'VE GOT HIM CORNERED GASP!
SO LONG, SLOWCOACH!
OH, NO!
ANGH!
KRASH!
GOSH GUESS I GOT LUCKY!
DAYS LATER
NO CELL CAN HOLD ME!
POLICE
WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S THE RUBBERMAN?
IT ER SEEMS HE DIDN'T WANT TO DO ANOTHER LONG STRETCH!

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The Bisto Kids.
SPLOT!
MISSED!
THROWING SNOWBALLS IS FUN, ISN'T IT?
NO.
BRRR! I'M ALL COLD AND WET!
LET'S HAVE A WARM UP BY THIS FIRE.
AH. THAT'S BETTER.
I WONDER WHAT THAT WATCHMAN'S SUPPOSED TO BE WATCHING?
YOW!
DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION? HE'S GUARDING THAT HOLE IN THE ROAD.
1516

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THE PINK PANTHER
GOING DOWN.
LIFT
Shirts Goods
FIFTH FLOOR. CAFETERIA GARDENING...
FOURTH FLOOR. GENT'S TAILORING, SHOES, LEATHER GOODS...
THIRD FLOOR. LADIES' HAIRDRESSING, SOFT FURNISHING...
SECOND FLOOR. COATS, HATS, KITCHEN-WARE.
FIRST FLOOR, CROCKERY, CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELLERY...
GROUND FLOOR—OUCH!
WHY DID YOU SAY 'OUCH'? SURELY, THE GROUND FLOOR IS PERFUMES, CAMERAS, RADIOS?
IT IS, SIR, BUT I CAN'T GET OUT OF THE HABIT OF SAYING 'OUCH' BECAUSE, LAST WEEK, DURING THE SALE...
"...THINGS WERE BUSY, AND..."
SORRY. WE'RE FULL UP.
GOING DOWN?
OH, YEAH? WELL, I'LL TAKE YOUR PLACE!
LIFT
CRASH!
"MY HABIT OF CALLING OUT THE DIFFERENT FLOORS IS SO STRONG THAT..."
FIFTH FLOOR. CAFETERIA. GARDENING...
FOURTH FLOOR. GENT'S TAILORING, SHOES, LEATHER GOODS...
THIRD FLOOR. LADIES' HAIR-DRESSING, SOFT FURNISHING!
SECOND FLOOR. COATS, HATS, KITCHEN-WARE.
FIRST FLOOR. CROCKERY, CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELLERY...
GROUND FLOOR... OUCH!
FORGIVE ME, SIR, SOB! BUT EVERY TIME I GO DOWN NOW, SOB! I RE-LIVE THE EXPERIENCE AND...
I WISH I HADN'T ASKED!
IM

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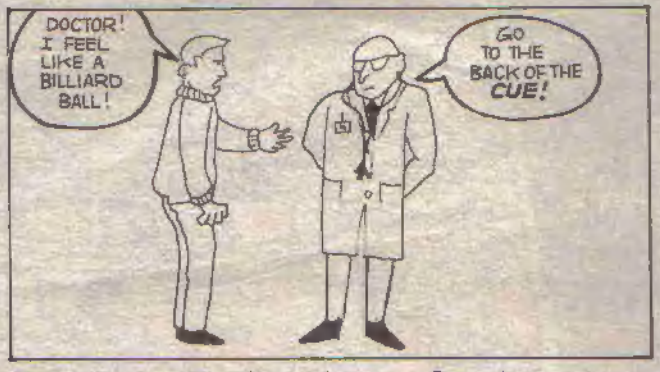
£2 CASH PRIZE FOR THE BEST LETTER PUBLISHED!

Your LETTERS and LAUGHS PAGE

Hi There!

Happy new year, faithful readers! And just to ensure that it is happy I want you to help me make *TV Comic* even better, by taking part in a readers' poll. At the foot of the page is a polling form; just fill it in, stating your favourite stories and your least favourite stories. Then, in the free space, tell me what you would most like to see in *TV Comic.* Send it to me, The Editor, Letters and Laughs, TV Comic, P.O. Box 91, London W2 1EP.

I look forward to hearing your opinions, so get writing! The Ed.



Sent in by Pauline Jones, Southampton.

TV Comic Reader's Poll

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....Age.....

My three favourite *TV Comic* stories are

1.....

2.....

3.....

My least favourite *TV Comic* stories are

1.....

2.....

3.....

I would like to see.....

.....

.....

.....in *TV Comic.*

Send to: Letters and Laughs, TV Comic, P.O. Box 91 London W2 1EP.

Dear Sir/Miss,

One day during my holiday in Jersey, camping, we visited this place called Belle Vue. I don't know whether you have ever been there, but there are lots of playing things. One of these things was formula racing cars (2 or 1) which went up to 45 mph. The first day we were there my brother went on and spent all his money on it. He said he'd go on it even if he had to kiss my feet. The next time he went he crashed into a wall of tyres because he panicked when the steering and brakes failed, but stupidly he put his foot down on the accelerator. Then he got out eventually, all dizzy and hurt, and said laughing, "Never mind!" and got into another car and zoomed off. At least now I know that he keeps his word! From Mark Palmer, Yardley, Birmingham.

As long as he keeps his head too! Sounds a very interesting place to go though.

Dear Editor,

My budgie Joey could roly-poly when he was a little bird. He can't do it now because he is too fat. He also plays football in the bottom of the cage and scratches like an old hen. Yours, Alison Rushworth, Oldham, Lancs.

Before *After*

Dear Ed,

I am writing to tell you about a funny thing that happened to my mother when she was young. She was trying to dye her hair ginger and it turned out pink! Vanessa Bailey, Chatteris, Cambs.

And what is wrong with pink hair? You haven't seen mine, have you?!

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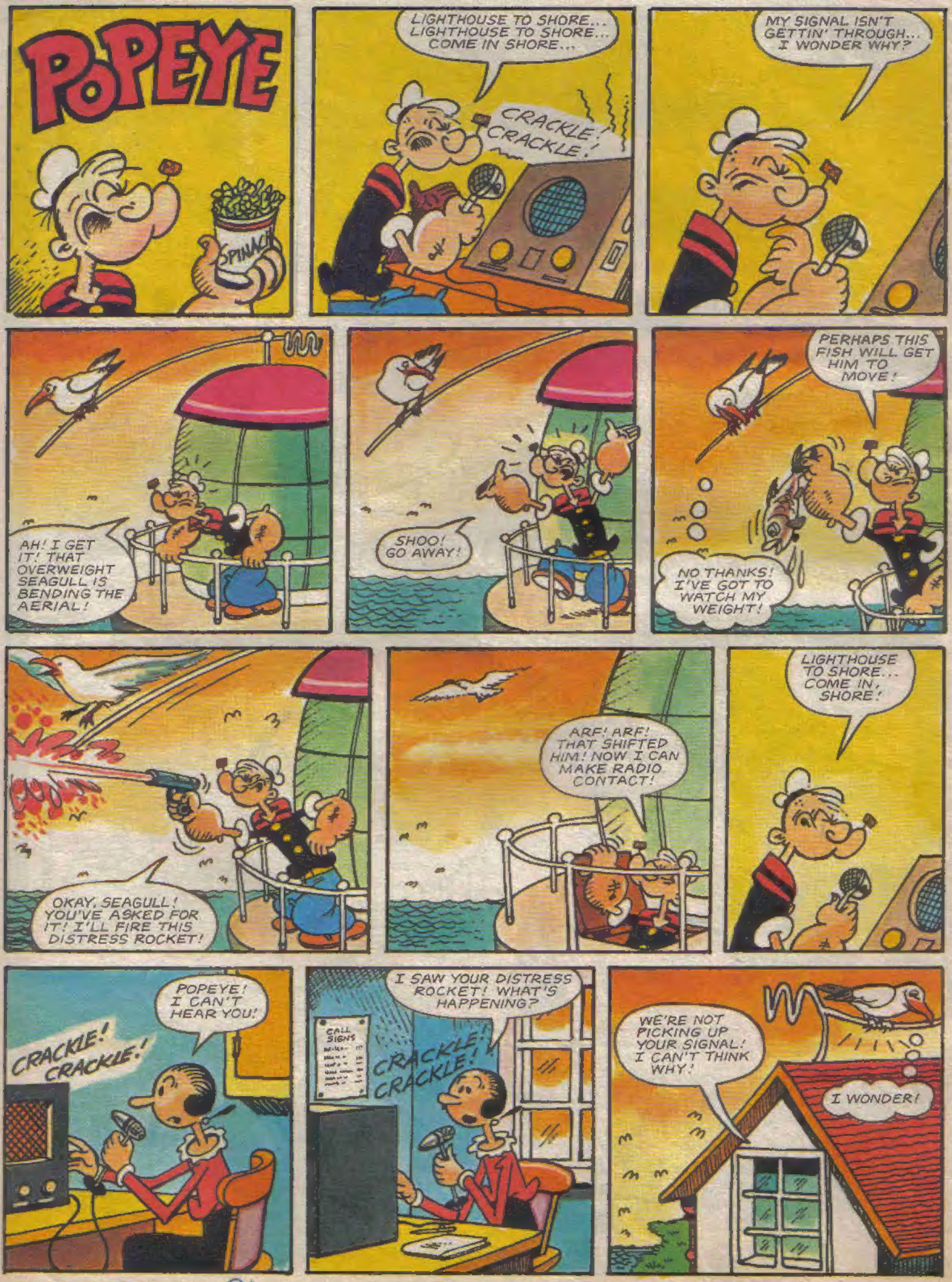
TV TERRORS
HOW ABOUT IT, HOPPIT? WE'LL CLEAR YOUR PATH FOR FIFTY PENCE!
WHO NEEDS YOU LOT? HOPPIT!
WHUMP!
AAAGH!
MY TRUSTY BOOTS CAN DO THE JOB NICELY, THANK YOU!
CLUMP!
SCOOP!
YEEE.... GLUB!
SHORTLY AFTER...
THERE... NOT A TRACE LEFT.
ROTTEN OLD HOPPIT! HE'S DONE US OUT OF FIFTY PENCE!
AND SNOWED US UNDER!
I SAY... THAT WAS JOLLY GOOD! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME ALONG AND CLEAR MY PATH FOR FIFTY PENCE!
IT WILL BE A PLEASURE, SIR! I'M RATHER GOOD AT IT, THOUGH I SAY IT MYSELF!
THIS WAY, MY GOOD MAN!
LEAD ON, SIR!
BAH! HOPPIT'S DONE US AGAIN! THAT TOFF WOULD HAVE ASKED US IF HE HADN'T SEEN HOPPIT SHOWING OFF!
AND HERE WE ARE! HOME SWEET HOME!
HELP! THAT'S NOT A PATH! IT'S MORE LIKE A BLOOMING MOTORWAY! GASP!
YOU PROMISED! AND A GENTLEMAN'S WORD IS HIS BOND!
I'LL DO IT! AN OLD SOLDIER NEVER GOES BACK ON HIS WORD.
BOOT!
BOOT!
BOOT!
WHY DON'T I KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT? PUFF! IT'LL TAKE ME ALL DAY TO DO THIS 'PATH'! GASP!
NINE HOURS LATER...
AT LAST! PANT! FINISHED! ME AND THE PATH! WHEEZE!
FEEBLE
THUMP!
WELL DONE, SIR! HERE'S YOUR FIFTY PENCE! YOU DESERVE IT!
I'M EXHAUSTED! GASP! I'LL NEVER MAKE IT HOME! MY LEGS ARE DONE FOR!
TAXI! TAXI!
WE'LL TAKE YOU HOME, HOPPIT... FOR FIFTY PENCE!
DO WHAT YOU WILL. I JUST DON'T CARE!
ZZ-ZZ-ZZZ-
THIS IS MUCH EASIER THAN CLEARING PATHS! HO! HO!
I'D HATE TO EARN FIFTY PENCE LIKE HOPPIT DID AND THEN HAVE TO PAY IT ALL TO GET HOME! HA! HA! HA!


POPEYE
SPINACH
LIGHTHOUSE TO SHORE... LIGHTHOUSE TO SHORE... COME IN SHORE...
CRACKLE! CRACKLE!
MY SIGNAL ISN'T GETTIN' THROUGH... I WONDER WHY?
AH! I GET IT! THAT OVERWEIGHT SEAGULL IS BENDING THE AERIAL!
SHOO! GO AWAY!
PERHAPS THIS FISH WILL GET HIM TO MOVE!
NO THANKS! I'VE GOT TO WATCH MY WEIGHT!
OKAY, SEAGULL! YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT! I'LL FIRE THIS DISTRESS ROCKET!
ARF! ARF! THAT SHIFTED HIM! NOW I CAN MAKE RADIO CONTACT!
LIGHTHOUSE TO SHORE... COME IN, SHORE!
CRACKLE! CRACKLE!
POPEYE! I CAN'T HEAR YOU!
I SAW YOUR DISTRESS ROCKET! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
CALL SIGNS
CRACKLE! CRACKLE!
WE'RE NOT PICKING UP YOUR SIGNAL! I CAN'T THINK WHY!
I WONDER!

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